

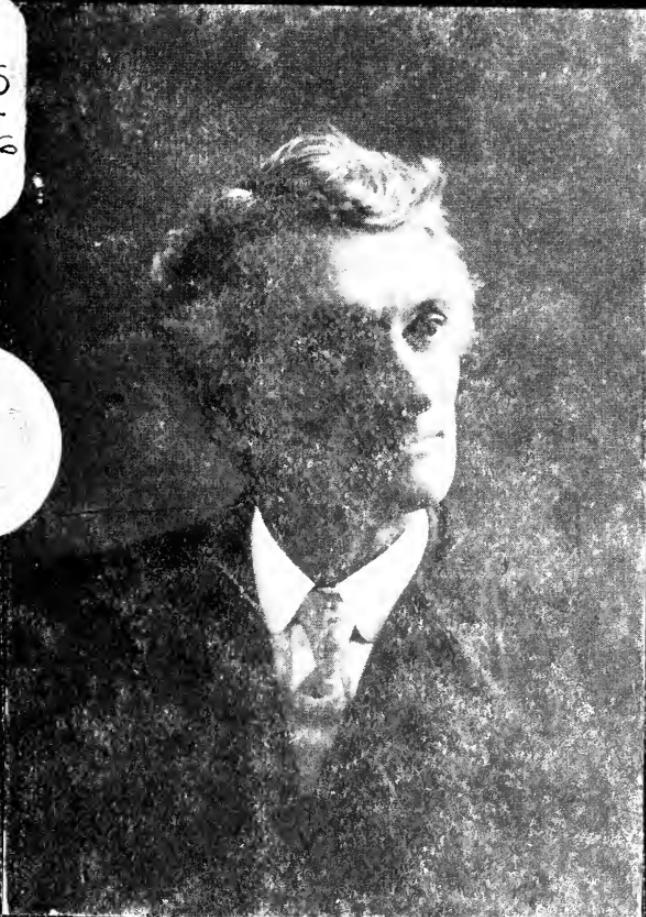
FORTY-FIVE SELECTIONS
ORIGINAL POEMS
BY CHAS. M. GUINNESS

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1911



SOLDIER ~

~ ACTOR ~

~ POET ~

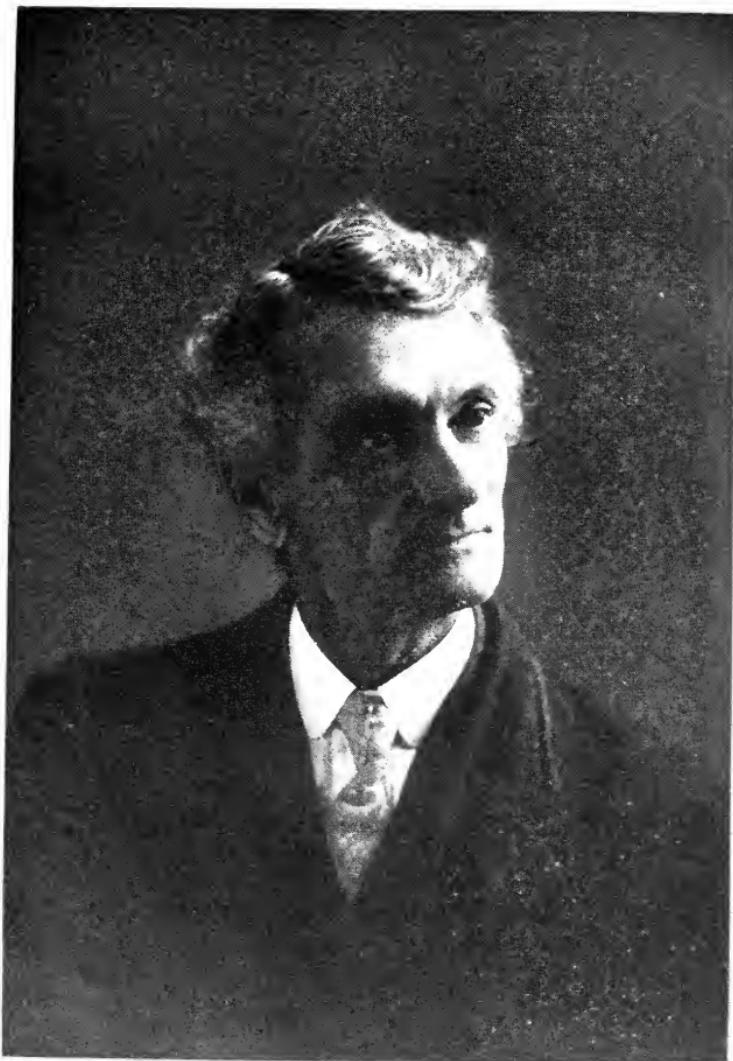


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THE AUTHOR.

(Forty-five Selections.)

Forty-Five Selections

From the Original Descriptive, Dramatic,
Patriotic, Pathetic, Humorous and Dialect

Poems of

CHARLES MAC GUINNESS
"Soldier," Actor, Poet.

Forty Years' Experience as an Actor,
Entertainer and Poet. Acknowledged
by Press and Public as the Most
Versatile Artist Before the Public.

Daily newspapers have many times styled him:
"Inimitable Laugh Maker," "Man with a Hundred
Faces," "One-man Theatrical Company,"
"The Prince of Entertainers."



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PREFACE.

Very Brief Sketch of an Active Life.

Chas. M. Guinness is a native of Oswego, New York. His father, of Dublin, Ireland; and his mother, of Litchfield, Connecticut. His mother's father came from the highlands of Scotland. The subject of this sketch was an orphan boy at the early age of twelve. The five years following he worked on a farm during the summer and attended school during the winter months; learning the cooper's trade in the meantime. He then started out for Illinois, afoot and alone. He was driver of a team on an Erie canal boat to Buffalo, where he procured steerage passage on a propellor bound for Chicago by way of lakes Erie, Huron and Michigan. He worked one month on a farm in Illinois and then enlisted as a volunteer soldier in the cavalry service. At the close of the war he was detached from his regiment and appointed telegram clerk for General G. M. Dodge, and accompanied the General on his trip across the plains to the northwest, where the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians were in active hostility; 3,000 miles in the saddle. When mustered out of military service he was appointed an Inspector of Customs, Custom House, Chicago. He was next appointed assistant postmaster at the new town of Cheyenne. Returning

Preface

to Chicago, he was engaged as bookkeeper for one of the wholesale mercantile houses, and later travelled as representative of the same firm. He next embarked in business "on his own hook"; the retail trade of cigars and tobacco; and at the same time became an active member of the newly organized Chicago Dramatic Society. His stage work was highly commended by actors of the stock companies at the theatres and he adopted the theatrical profession. He was a member of the regular stock company at McVicker's Theatre at the time of the great conflagration in Chicago. As an actor and entertainer he has toured nearly every state of the Union and throughout the entire five Canadian provinces. He knows the country thoroughly, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

Extract from an editorial in the New York Clipper, March 5, 1910:

"A record to be proud of. This eminent entertainer, in his youthful career, earned the title of "Soldier-Poet" as orderly sergeant in the cavalry volunteers, by his original songs and poems. He has always continued the work of verse writing. The clever actor-manager-entertainer early in his career determined to make a record in professionally visiting the greatest number of places, and he certainly accomplished the task, standing alone and in a class by himself. It remains for others in the business to show a similar result if they can. He can show records of towns he has played and en-

Preface

tertained to the prodigious number of 2346. As interesting data to brother players, such a record should surely be awarded cordial publicity and congratulation. Of course, it has taken many years to accomplish this; so long ago as 1891 the Clipper recorded the news that Chas. M. Guinness had not closed his season since 1871 to that date, and had appeared in 1538 cities and towns. He then discontinued management of his company on the road, after having piloted it through various vicissitudes and successes for twenty years, summer and winter. Since that time he has been engaged in monologue work, in which he has ever been successful, and that, added to his other professional work, gives him an aggregate of 40 years before the public."

The president of the Phrenological Society, Washington, D. C., in the presence of a large audience, said: "This gentleman is a phenomenon. His versatility is most remarkable. He would make a very eminent lawyer or a very popular minister. He can influence men. He fears no man!"

Dr. Fowler, the world renowned phrenologist, said: "One of the best heads that comes under my hand—strong language, but true!"



Forty-Five Selections

CHAS. M. GUINNESS.

SOLDIER

Very Brief Extracts from Letters of Recommendation.

Headquarters U. S. Forces, Kansas and the Territories, Fort Leavenworth, November 25, 1865.

An excellent soldier. He accompanied me during my trip on the Plains.

G. M. DODGE, Major General.

A most faithful soldier and exemplary young man.

J. F. BENNETT,
Captain and A. A. General.

Forty-Five Selections

I take great pleasure in bearing testimony as to his
soldierly qualifications. J. W. BARNES,
Major and Asst. Adjt. General.

I cheerfully testify as to his merit as a man and
soldier. EDWARD JONAS,
Capt. and A. D. C.

I cheerfully add my testimony as to his character
and qualifications.

SAM E. MACKEY,
Capt. and A. A.A. General.

I fully concur in the recommendations,

J. N. McELROY,
Major and J. A.—U. S. Vols.

His regiment is ordered mustered out of service,
and I take great pleasure in heartily and cheer-
fully bearing witness as to his soldierly qualifi-
cations.

GEO. E. FORD,
Capt. and A. D. C.

Paris, France, Oct. 4, 1890.

Chas. M. Guinness, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Dear Sir:—Yours of 13th of Sept. reached me
here. I am glad to hear from you. Wherever I
go I find our soldiers, and it is a great gratification
to me that they remember me kindly. Thanking
you for your letter, I am truly, G. M. DODGE.

Forty-Five Selections

ACTOR

Brief Extracts from Notices of Metropolitan Newspapers

The delight of his patrons.—New York World, May 3, 1887.

We never laughed so much.—Key West, Fla., Key of the Gulf, March 1, 1887.

The funniest of all.—New Orleans Times, Oct 12, 1889.

A pure, clean and refined entertainment.—Atlanta, Ga., Constitution, March 10, 1889.

He made many friends.—Sheffield, Ala., Daily Enterprise, June 17, 1890.

He has a record to be proud of.—New York Clipper, May 9, 1891.

A true artist.—St. Louis, Mo., Daily Globe, Dec. 25, 1872.

Accomplished in his profession.—Chicago Daily Journal, Feb. 20, 1873.

His versatility is wonderful.—Washington Democrat, Jan. 3, 1874.

During the thrilling passages he held his audience breathless.—Alton Daily Telegraph, Sept. 20, 1875.

Far above the average.—Cincinnati Commercial, Oct. 1, 1878.

Forty-Five Selections

Kept the audience full of laughter.—Moncton, New Brunswick, Times, July 9, 1880.

He well sustained his reputation.—Sidney, Cape Breton, Express, July 12, 1881.

Equalled by few, excelled by none.—Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, Tribune, April 28, 1882.

A constant roar of laughter.—Charlottetown, P. E. I., Examiner, June, 1880.

He provoked much laughter.—Montreal, P. Q., Herald, July 15, 1882.

He was immense.—Quebec, P. Q., Telegraph, June 21, 1882.

Never did we see a more decided hit.—Dover, Delaware, State Sentinel, March 31, 1883.

He is exceedingly popular.—Pittsburg, Pa., Leader, Jan. 1, 1884.

An actor of strong dramatic ability.—Knoxville, Tenn., Sentinel, Dec. 6, 1888.

A gentleman in every sense of the word.—Paris, Ky., Advertiser, Feb. 23, 1884.

The "Hawk Eye" knows him. There's a good time coming.—Burlington, Iowa, Hawk Eye, June, 1877.

Certainly above the average.—Ft. Atkinson, Wis., Herald, June 22, 1871.

Mr. Guinness is excellent.—Streator, Ill., Monitor, December 14, 1871.

An actor of the old school. He has pursued a career to be proud of.—Cincinnati Enquirer, Sept. 24, 1899.

An artist and a gentleman.—San Diego, Calif., Sun, Aug., 1909.

Forty-Five Selections

He made a big hit and caused much laughter.—
Lake Charles, La., Press, Oct. 11, 1907.

He made a most favorable impression.—Dallas,
Texas, News, Jan., 1906.

His work is out of the ordinary and is first-class.—
Phoenix, Ariz., Republican, Aug., 1908.

He has no peer as an entertainer.—Charlotte, N. C.,
Observer, March, 1887.

Excited the risibles of the most staid persons.—An-
napolis, Md., Capitol, April 23, 1887.

Constant laughter and applause.—Richmond, Va.,
Times, April 12, 1887.

Wonderful dramatic power.—Gorham, N. H.,
Mountaineer, Aug. 1, 1884.

Abundant laughter.—St. Albans, Vt., Messenger,
July 5, 1884.

Uproarious laughter. Come again.—South Carolina
News, Nov. 8, 1888.

Well known for many years, both as actor and man-
ager.—Brooklyn Journal, May 9, 1887.

The audience laughed continually.—Savannah, Ga.,
News, March, 1887.

He interprets everything from the tragic to the gro-
tesque with a master skill.—Ashland, Wis.,
Daily Press, July 16, 1892.

He is exceedingly funny.—Newark, N. J., News,
June 7, 1887.

The performance was a very clever one.—New
York Clipper, Jan. 12, 1884.

This gentleman is a whole troupe himself—Detroit
Courier, Jan. 18, 1896.

Forty-Five Selections

Go and laugh to your heart's content.—Jacksonville,
Fla., Times-Union, March 18, 1887.

He rendered original studies of unusual excellence.
—Leavenworth, Kansas, Times, September 26,
1903.

He called forth loud applause.—Florence, Ala., Her-
ald, June, 1890.

New and novel entertainment of a high order.—
Fort Wayne, Ind., Journal, Dec., 1897.

Extraordinary powers as an entertainer.—Detroit
Press, Jan. 11, 1896.

He might easily travel as the one-man theatrical
company.—Quincy Herald, Feb. 20, 1902.

He delighted several hundred people last night.—
Mineral Wells, Texas, Health Resort, June 30,
1905.

Early in his career Guinness determined to
make a record in professionally visiting the greatest
number of places, and he certainly accomplished
the task, standing alone and in a class by himself.
He can show records of towns he has played and
entertained, to the prodigious number of 2,346. As
interesting data to brother players, such a record
should surely be awarded cordial publicity and con-
gratulation.

Of course, it has taken many years to accom-
plish this, and the clever actor-manager-entertainer
is no longer a young man. So long ago as 1891,
The Clipper recorded the news that Charles Guin-
ness had not closed his season since 1871 to that
date, and during that time had appeared in 1538
cities and towns. He then discontinued manage-

Forty-five Selections

ment of his company on the road, after having piloted it through various vicissitudes and successes for twenty years, summer and winter. Since that time Guinness has been engaged in monologue work, in which he has ever been successful, and that, added to his other professional work, gives him an aggregate of forty years before the public.—New York Clipper, March 5. 1910.

POET

Mr. Guinness has hundreds of letters from prominent critics, highly eulogizing his originality and great versatility as a poet and entertainer.—A very few names are given below:

Rev. A. C. Dixon, Pastor Baptist Church, New York.

Rev. Campbell Fair, D. D.; Rector St. Mark's church.

Rev. T. C. Reade, D. D.; President Taylor University.

E. P. Jones, Mgr. Manhattan Lyceum Bureau.

Albert J. Borie, Mgr. Frank Queen Publishing Company.

A. W. Themanson, Sec'y Kansas Chautauqua.

S. M. Spedon, Editor N. Y. Monthly Talent.

C. A. McGrew, Editor San Diego, Cal., Sun.

Prof. J. M. Clark, President Bay View College.

Prof. Boucher, Indiana Normal College.

Many more names might be added to the above list.



Forty-five Selections.)

Forty-Five Selections

MY DARLING LITTLE IONE.

No stranger am I to good fortune—
Tho' but little to fame I am known—
Wealth is mine beyond measure;
I've God's choicest treasure;
A "pearl of great price," named Ione.

If true that the earth is "God's Footstool,"
'Tis true, then, 'tis near to His throne;
A heavenly earth
Since the hour it gave birth
To an angel, sweet little Ione.

And the earth has since seemed to look fairer;
The sun and stars brighter have shone;
More fragrant the flowers,
And my happiest hours
Are those passed with little Ione.

Her hair is a bright golden color;
Dark brown are her eyes, like my own;
Ne'er was there a sweet creature,
In form or in feature,
More perfect than darling Ione.

Forty-Five Selections

Merrily singing and laughing,
Like a sprightly elf wand'ring alone;
She is here, she is there,
She is everywhere,
Like a cricket—my merry Ione.

She daintily plays the piano,
With fingertips sounding each tone;
Turns the leaves of the books
One by one as she looks
At the music, my songbird Ione.

And ev'ry day over the carpet
Her "playthings" are scattered and strewn;
And often she's found
There asleep, snug and sound—
My innocent, little Ione.

With open-eyed wonder she listens
To Central's "hello" at the 'phone—
Prints her kisses on all
Faces framed on the wall—
"Kiss the baby," lisps little Ione.

The fleeting years swiftly are passing;
Soon to womanhood she will be grown;
May her name—near and far—
Be as fair as a star;
May the world love and honor Ione.

When I'm called away and my spirit
To some other planet has flown;

Forty-Five Selections

'Twill then be my prayer
Fate and fortune will care
For and smile on my darling Ione.

O'er my tomb I would wish this inscription
Engraved' on a tablet of stone—
"If spirits e'er wait
At Eternity's gate,
There I'll watch, there I'll wait for Ione."

THE SUICIDE.

'Tis midnight—all is quiet—
Hark! From the old church tower
The clock now breaks the silence
And slowly strikes the hour.

A maiden it awakens—
She steals forth from her bed
And hastens to the side-board
With stealth and noiseless tread!

She searches for the match-safe
And quickly lights the gas;
The liquid from a phial
She pours into a glass!

She hesitates! She shudders!
Does her courage now recoil?
No! See! The deed's accomplished—
She took the castor oil!

“KEEP OFF DER GRASS.”

Mine gootness, mine gracious! I laugh mit mine
moud

Efery dime dot der door oud I pass;
Und dwice in a vile I vas shmile me oud loud
Ven I see dot signs, “Keep off der grass.”

“Dot peautiful shnow” shpill all oud on der ground,
Und you freeze tryin’ to thaw oud der gas;
Your breath got frost bited, your viskers ice-bound
Bud der signs tole you “Keep off der grass.”

Froze down vas der mometer, zero froze up;
Und der ice vas so clear like some glass;
Dot goot lookin’ shnow bud vun ting id shows up,
Dot’s dem signs wot read “Keep off der grass.”

On der 4th oph Junewyear’s dot sign was all right,
Bud I dink on der eve oph Chris’mass
’Boud der lonesomest lookin’ oph all dings in sight
Vas der sign wot say “Keep off der grass.”

Keep off der grass! Vell, I yust want to say
Dot I don’d vas pelong to dot class!
Keep id on—der year ’round—to-morrow, to-day
Und yesterday keep on der grass!

Forty-Five Selections

How I lofe on der lawn in varm summer to blay
 Mit dot schveed leedle curly head lass;
Cold vinter, Ach! he dook dose bleasure avay!
 He dook off und keep off der grass.

He send dot "Yack Frost" here der grass off to
 keep;
Den "Yack" "boud Septober he pring
His ice sickles 'round, und der grass off he reap,
 Yah, und keep id off, too, till der shpring.

THE WHITE MAN'S CURSE.

How d'ye do, stranger; just turn your horse loose;
 Let him graze 'round the place for a while!
Warm weather for traveling—hot as the deuce—
 And I guess you've rode many a mile.

Yes, lay off your coat, hang it on a limb there;
 You'll get a cool drink from that spring—
There, now rest a bit in the old rustic chair
 And fan yourself, sir, with this wing.

Yes, living alone here—a hermit's life, sure—
 And a lonely place, too, as you say;
A place you, no doubt, would find hard to endure—
 Nearest neighbor some four miles away.

Forty-Five Selections

And yet, sir, to me it's the dearest old place
In the length and the breadth of our land;
And I s'pose I'll stay here till the end of the race—
Till I've run out life's last grain of sand.

You think it quite strange that a man of sound mind
A resolve such as that should impart;
To live here alone, far away from mankind,
With a broken—a desolate heart!

If you could look o'er my past ill-fated life
You would then understand me, I think;
'Twas mankind that robbed me of child and of wife—
'Twas the civilized curse, called "drink!"

Tell you the story? Well, stranger, I will;
Your face has a look that is kind—
And sympathy, real and sincere, does no ill
To a sorrowful, grief-stricken mind.

Ten years have passed since I left the far East
And came here, sir, to locate a home—
Here, in the West, where the fierce prowling beast
And the wild aborigines roam.

I'd naught but my wife and our sweet little girl—
A child we loved dearer than life—
Blue eyes and her hair had a natural curl
Like that of my own darling wife.

Why, even the Indians worship'd that child;
They'd come here from near and from far;

Forty-Five Selections

Those sons of the forest, so savage and wild;
They loved her, and called her "Bright Star!"

And here to my cabin their trinkets they'd bring—
Made of feathers, of barks, and of furs—
Just to see her bright eyes and to list while she'd
sing;
And no voice, sir, was sweeter than hers!

Our home, tho' so humble, was one of content;
We'd talk of the bright future days—
But the civilized white man, on deviltry bent,
Changed the Indians' neighborly ways!

Free country—and civilized devils may come
And our bright, happy dreams dispel;
Turn friends into fiends with their damnable rum,
And a heaven turn into a hell!

We were sitting out here in the moonlight one
night—
At the close of a midsummer's day—
A slow, smothered fire I'd built there to the right,
Just to drive the mosquitos away.

A white and a red man came staggering by
And demanded a supper for both;
He would pay me he said with a bottle of rye—
And the white man spit out a foul oath!

I grappled the vile, drunken wretch by the throat,
Pitched him headlong down into the creek;

Forty-five Selections

Then, turning, the face of the redskin I smote
And then I was ready to speak!

“Go, and profit,” said I, “by the lesson I’ve given;
Never come again, drunk, to my door;
If you do, just as true as our God is in heaven,
For you there is worse still in store!”

He then skulked away—the contemptible cur—
With the dupe he’d made drunk and insane;
But I knew by his look and his threatenings, sir,
Reproof, with such brutes, was in vain.

In the middle of that very night I awoke
With a start I could not understand;
The cry of a screech-owl in yonder red oak
Seemed to warn me of evil at hand.

I dressed, and strolled leisurely ’long down the path,
With my rifle swung on my right arm;
A far-distant thunder storm muttered its wrath,
As tho’ sounding a midnight alarm!

I walked thro’ the clearing, paused there at the
wood
And listened, then turned to retire;
When transfixed with horror a moment I stood—
My cabin—My God! ’twas afire!

I rushed up the path, and on reaching the spot,
I with one blow the cabin door broke;
My wife was just lifting our child from its cot;
Both were choking and strangling with smoke!

Forty-five Selections

I carried their precious forms out to the spring,
Where the light from the bright flames was
spread;

A flash! and I heard bullets whistle and sing,
And—my wife and my child—fell dead!

Seizing my rifle, as fleet as a deer
To the thicket I flew like a dart;
The moon—God bless it! just then came out clear,
And the redskin dropped—shot thro' the heart!

Forward I leaped and with tiger-like grasp
Held the white devil's throat in my clutch;
“Mercy!”—he whined, as he'd struggle and gasp—
“Such as you?” I shrieked, “No! not for such!”

I dragged the vile miscreant back to this spot,
“Assassin!” I cried, “You coward! look there;
And before you're hurled into that furnace red hot,
Beg forgiveness of God—breathe a prayer!”

Turning my face toward my wife and my child,
I listened—I called out their names—
No answer—I then with a cry that was wild,
Threw the murderer into the flames!

That instant the skies seemed by thunderbolts riven!
Like a stroke of God's vengeance it fell!
My loved ones were borne by the angels to Heaven;
That foul fiend was writhing in hell!

Alone with my thoughts I watched over my dead;
Alone I knelt there at their side;

Forty-five Selections

Alone in the world—heart heavy as lead—
All alone! like a child, sir, I cried!

The night, draped with clouds, was their shroud and
their pall;
And as tho' in sympathetic relief,
The heavens then gently its raindrops let fall—
God's tears shed o'er me and my grief!

Over there, sir, you see, are two moss-covered
mounds;
With tears they are moistened each day;
Now you know why I've naught but my rifle and
hounds;
Why I'm here—why my hair is so gray!

Cruel? Aye, stranger, but such is my fate;
We are creatures of mere circumstance;
Surrounded by treachery, envy and hate;
Love and loyalty stand a slim chance!

“Noble red man”—he's called—Well, the Indian's
wild,
And he may not be civilized quite;
But a red man's more noble than loves a sweet child,
Than a low, drunken, devilish white!

A rum-drinking white man has reached ruin's brink,
But he sinks to a still lower level
When leading the red man to crime and to drink!
He's then down to the plane of the devil!

Forty-five Selections

UNCLE JOSH AT THE CITY CHURCH.

Las' Sunday I done somethin'
Th't I never done afore;
'N' I guess, b'gosh,
Y'ur Uncle Josh
Won't do th' same some more!

Not one of our big fam'ly
Ever went t' church in town;
So me 'n' Seth
'N' 'Lizabeth
Jes' thought th't we'd drive down.

So Seth he hitch'd up Nancy
Side o' that wild colt o' his;
'N' with lunch t' eat,
All on one seat
Sot me 'n' Seth 'n' Liz.

'N' jes' outside the city, sir,
A 'lectric car we met;
That colt 'n' Nance
Commenced t' prance
'N' they jumped twelve feet, I bet!

They kicked the dashboard off, b'gosh;
Scaret Liz a'most t' death!

Forty-Five Selections

She holler'd "Whoa!"
Seth let 'm go
'N' they run till out o' breath!

We reached the meetin' house, at last,
Sez I—"Folks, ain't that grand?"
"That's what it is"—
Sez Seth 'n' Liz—
"Th' grandest in the land!"

Must a took two years t' build;
Not less, a single minute;
It leaves our church
'Way in th' lurch,
'N' th' old school house "ain't in it!"

Th' church bell it's a monster, sir!
Could hear it more'n a mile—
Th' big high steeple—
Jes' like th' people—
Wuz all decked out in style.

'N' runnin' t' th' top of it
They had a lightnin' rod—
They wouldn't trust the
'Lectricity
'N' didn't trust in God!

Women wore thirty dollar hats
T' worship Providence;
I s'pose they thought
Th' hats we'd bought
Looked 'bout like thirty cents!

Forty-five Selections

Folks turned their eyes down to'ard us
'N' then turned up their nose;
They'd take one look
'T their new hymn-book,
Two looks 't their new clothes.

Clothes covers—same as Charity—
“A multitude o' sin;”
Inside at last
The Pharisees passed
Then we Publicans marched in.

We took seats near th' pulpit
F'r t' git a closer view;
Up jumped a man,
Sed—“Understan’,
This 'ere's my rented pew!”

He p'inted to some back seats
Th't I s'pose they couldn't rent—
“Go 'way back and
Set down,” or stand—
I guess that's what he meant.

We took th' hint 'n' went back
Near t' where we wuz afore;
Sez Liz t' me,
“Now, Josh, maybe
This 'ere's a rented door!”

Th' parson prayed, 'n' th' organ then
Set up 'n' awful roar;

Forty-Five Selections

'N' while 'twould play,
Th' singers they
Sung "Stranger at the Door."

When th' music quit th' deacons riz
'N' passed th' hat aroun';
Th' parson, next,
Give out his text,
'N' then folks settled down.

'N' hour 'n' eighty minutes he preached,
About th' fold 'n' sheep;
Th' women 'u'd wink
'N' nod 'n' blink,
'N' th' men wuz fast asleep!

'N' one gal sed t' t'other—
"You seen my feller, Lize?"
'N' then began,
Behind her fan,
T' make them "goo-goo eyes."

She held her hymn-book up t' show
Th't she wuz in "the swim;"
But didn't look
Inside th' book
When she looked to find th' "him."

Then t'other gal spied 'Lizabeth,
'N' whispered very loud—
"Jes' look at that
Old woman's hat,
I bet she thinks she's proud!"

Forty-five Selections

If the angels wuz a lookin' then,
They must a smiled, I guess;
'N' I believe
Laughed in their sleeve;
I did, I must confess.

No one c'n serve two masters—
'N' keep things smooth 'n' level—
Can't, with one hand
Hold on t' God and
T'other give th' devil!

Might's well say—Lord I send my soul;
Jes' lay it on th' shelf;
'N' when I'm done
A havin' fun
Then I'll come up myself.

I couldn't poss-bly keep awake
Th' sermon wuz so dry;
Seth sed I snored
Worse 'n' organ roared,
'N' made th' babies cry!

I dreamt th' colt 'n' Nance got scaret
Ag'in 'n' run away,
'N' th' wagon broke—
Then I awoke,
F'r the organ begin t' play.

I had both arms 'round 'Lizabeth
'N' shoutin' "Whoa, Nance, whoa!"

Forty-Five Selections

Jerus'lem! Seth,
She'll kick us t' death!
Cut 'er breechin' 'n' let 'er go!"

THE SOLDIER'S LAST CAMPING GROUND.

Sound the bugle call—"Taps"—muffled roll of the
drum;
O'er the old vet'ranc's grave, o'er his flower bedeck'd
mound
On the sward where in lifetime so oft he would
roam.

'Tis the six feet of earth to which comrades all
come;
'Tis the soldier's last rest on the last camping
ground;
'Tis the long, long sleep 'neath the sod and the
loam.

Sleep on, while in cherish'd remembrance with some
Of earth's choicest garlands your tombstones are
crown'd;
Mute sentries on guard 'neath the heaven's high
dome!

Tho' hush'd are your voices, your deeds are not
dumb;
Sleep peacefully on, in sweet slumber profound,
'Till God's reveille rouses and welcomes you home!

Forty-five Selections

A DUTCHMAN'S PLEA FOR DIVORCE.

Lawyer, make me dose bapers quick oud;
Der vorces I vant righd avay!
Mine frau dalks doo much mid her moud;
Al'money I vant her to bay.

Her tongue id vas hung py der middle;
I dink she vas got double jaw!
She dont let me shpeak yust a liddle—
She's bad as mine mudder-in-law!

I bedt her tongue's made oph sole leadher;
She dalks dirty hours ef'ry day;
Und der furder dot we got togedder,
Der nearer we got us avay!

I vas henspecked, sir; more as a blenty;
Mine frau she got noddings bud tongue!
She got tongue enough for 'boud dwenty—
Got 'nough for dot olt Brigham Young!

I vos read me der Bible to-day;
'Boud Daniel vot shumped in der den
Vere der big danderlions vas shtay;
Und he counded dem, 'lefen or ten.

He dink dot his schance id vas shlim,
Mid dose vild danderlions all 'roun';

Forty-Five Selections

Bud der lions dond got schared oph him
For dey yust go 'vay pack und set down.

Mine frau shtand py me on her feedt;
Und I toldt her I dond undershtan'—
Oph der lions vant somedings to eadt
Vy dey dond make deir preakfast oph Dan?

Bud dot I make puddy quick oud,
Und toldt her der cause und effec'—
Dot Daniel he muzzle deir moud
So der lions dond ead not a shpeck.

She said I vas lyin' myselef;
I tolde her dot she vas anudder—
Der Bible she shlam on der shelef
Und go quick und call her olt mudder!

Her mudder coom shlap me mine face;
Shtick mine head in der tub oph cold vater!
She vished I vas in Daniel's blace
Inshthead oph dis blace mit her daughter!

I vas got so oxcided I say—
Vell, I vish dot, py shiminy, too!
I schange blaces mit him to-day
Oph Daniel vill coom lif mit you!

I go dere und lif altogedder;
Mit lions, limburger, und beer,
Und I bedt I enchoy mine life bedder
As mit you oldt vild cats vot's here!

Forty-Five Selections

Bud vot you dink Daniel vould dell

Oph I ax him to coom schange mit me;
He vould say, "Vot? Go lif in dot—Vell
I radher lif here vere I be!"

I toldt dem 'boud Sampson—so shtoudt

Dot he proke oop der lion's big jaw,
Und I visht he yust coom proke der moudt
Oph mine vife und mine mudder-in-law!

Py cracious! pefore I vas know id

She run und pick oop a big shtone;
Bud ven she vas coom pack to trow id
She findt herself dere all alone.

She vill dook me away from mine life!

So you toldt all der vorld vot I saidt;
No vun drust me now for mine vife
For I leaf me her poard und pedshteadt!

She wanted some vater vun day

Und she toldt me go headt out und poomp id!
Vell, nix cumarouse, den I say,
Und oph you dondt like dot, you loomp id!

So hellup me cracious! mine nose

Dooble oop und shtrike her on der fisht!
From der top oph mine headt to mine toes
Nod a shpott on mineselef she missht!

'She schoke me dill I vas got plue

Und dill she vas got plack in der face!

Forty-Five Selections

She shut off mine vindpipe off, too—
Vell, I feldt I vas all oud oph blace.

Den she kick in der shpine oph mine pack;
Bull oud mine hair oud mit her handts!
She gif me mine face sooch a shmack
I dond know on vich endt mine headt shtandts!

She pudt vun oxistence, I bedt,
To mine life oph I dondt gone avay;
Dot's vy all der money's I gedt,
To dose life 'surance beoples I bay.

Der more I vas dink oph dot now,
More I vant to dink less oph id, sir;
Und der more dot I dink of mine frau
I dink dot I dink less oph her!

Der feerst dime dot efer I meedt her
I lofe her pefore I vas knew id!
I lofe so I t'ought I could eat her—
Py cracious! I vish now I do id!

I vas shtruck mit her puddy, shweet face;
Und vas shtruck mit her shmilin' dot day—
Bud a schange now vas shure dooken blace;
I got shtruck in a deeferent vay!

She say I dondt know noddings, too;
Und bedder learn somedings py school!
I saidt—Vell, dot's so; I ledt you
Marry me und I vas a big fool!

Forty-Five Selections

She kick me den mit her dwo feedt;
Und her shoes vas der noomber 10 size;
She kick me 'vay oud on der shtreet
Righdt pefore me, mine face und mine eyes!

Und I now shpeak mitoudt a mishtaken,
I felt puddy mooch den pud ould;
Mine frau gif me shook—I vas shaken—
I feldt avay down in der moudt!

Dot reminds me oph someding else dot—
I candt dink oxactly oph now—
Candt remember dot vot I forgot—
Vell, vot iss dot tings, ony how?

Yah, now I haf got id, dot's so;
Go headt und wride down vot I say;
Dot I leaf me mine frau und I go
Dwendy-sefen or eight miles avay!

Und den ven I look pack und dink
Dot she dondt godt some husbandt to shmack;
I bedt id vill drife her do drink
Oph I dondt coom right quick to her pack.

Und ven she findt oud I vas deadt,
She vill pring me pack home puddy quick
Und vish she dondt say vot she saidt
Und dot she vas make sooch a kick!

Und den on mine grafe shtone she wride—
To show me her grief und her shame—

Forty-Five Selections

Here lies der pest man vot vas died,
Und his own gruel vife vas to plame!

Ven she dies und cooms oop by der gate,
St. Beter vill say to her face;
Nix; I dond't see your name on der shlate,
Your dicket's for dot udder blace.

THE SPRING.

I'm not a spring poet
Exactly, altho' it
Is true in all seasons I sing;
Spring poets—like flowers,
Birds, sunshine and showers—
Return with the advent of spring.

For the first time my lays
I now add to the craze
Which the year's early months ever bring:
I will give, in my views—
With the aid of the muse—
An original ode on the spring.

'Tis earth's choicest treasure,
Affords naught but pleasure,
To mankind it ne'er gave a sting
Or a pang distressing—
'Tis God's gift and blessing—
The clear flowing water—the spring!

MY SWEETHEART OF LONG AGO.

I've come, at last, dear sweetheart,
I've come with head bow'd low;
I've brought earth's choicest flowers
Here o'er your grave to strew;
And on the mound I've planted
Forget-me-nots, while with flow
Of tears their roots I moisten'd—
Tears kept since long ago.

Aye, long ago, my sweetheart,
For two-score years, you know,
Have pass'd since your flight heavenward
Left me alone below;
Alone with my darling sister,
To whom so much I owe
For kind words so oft spoken
Of you since the long ago.

Think, now, of our first meeting—
Fourteen was my age, you know—
We met while picking berries
Beneath the sunbeam's glow;
We met, yes, loved each other,
You met your ideal beau
And I my chosen sweetheart
Two-score years ago.

Forty-five Selections

Think of the verdant pasture
Where the lambs skipp'd to and fro;
The clear spring near the cedars
Where I trapp'd woodchuck and crow;
Our strolls to the flowing river—
The dear old Oswego—
'Ah! we were happy, sweetheart,
In that long, long ago.

The meadow where the clover
With scythe I used to mow;
The fields I would plow and harrow
And then with grain would sow;
Think of the orchard—the garden,
Where with rake and hoe
I'd work and sing, and think of you
In that sweet long ago.

The trees on which the butternuts
So plentiful would grow;
And how the squirrel scolded
When my hat at him I'd throw;
Remember, too, our watching
The flight of the thistle-blow
Upward, like shining angels—
Like your flight long ago.

We'd laugh with the laughing brooklet,
And follow its winding flow
Down thro' the marsh and woodland
To the lake, on which we'd row,

Forty-Five Selections

Gathering water lilies,
White, and as pure as snow—
Pure, like my young sweetheart
Of that long, long ago.

We loved the books of poets—
Tho' our favorite was Poe—
And when we'd read "The Raven"
Our hearts would pity his woe,
And his sorrow for "lost Lenore,"
The maiden he loved so—
As I loved and lost you, sweetheart,
Two-score years ago.

And o'er the earth I've wander'd
With pace both fast and slow;
Pass'd thro' the pain and pleasure
Of this world's fleeting show—
When call'd to leave this planet,
I trust God will bestow
On me a passport upward
To my love of long ago.

A FISHERMAN'S STORY.

Always a-fishin'—folks thought 'twas no wonder,
'Cause Cork was his name, 'n' they said th't no
doubt
'Stead o' pullin' th' fish out when cork would go
under,
He'd let fish go under 'n' pull th' cork out.

Forty-Five Selections

Cork'd go fishin', sir, even if thunder
'N' lightnin' 'n' rain was a-playin' about;
He knew fish'd bite 'n' th' cork'd go under;
Was jes' sartin sure th't he'd see cork come out.

He'd take pole 'n' line 'n' a basket o' "plunder,"
Sich 's "corn juice," ale, 'n' Guinesses' stout;
He'd wait jes' five minutes t' see cork go under
'N' then git impatient 'n' pull a cork out.

"Fisherman's luck," sir; or, p'raps 'twas a blunder;
Th' last time th't Cork fish'd he caught a big
trout;
Tried to land it, but deeper th' cork'd go under—
Dropp'd pole, in a rage, 'n' pull'd all th' corks out.

Then he jerked th' pole, frantic'ly, snapped it
asunder;
"Snakes" wildly he cried, with a shriek 'n' a
shout.
Had the tremens, I guess; he jump'd in 'n' went
under—
Drowned, sir, 'n' he'll see no more corks come
out.

His wife—poor woman—news so shock'd 'n'
stunn'd her
She went to her grave by th' short insane route—
There's pleasure, sir, fishin', 'n' see corks go under;
There's trouble when too many corks come out.

ACROSTIC.

Northward to British provincial domain;
Eastward to Empires—from England to Spain;
Westward to realms of the Orient,
You're welcom'd on every continent—
“Old Reliable”—true to the name;
Royalty e'en might well envy your fame;
Kings we forget—pomp, splendor and sheen—
Constant our cherish'd remembrance of Queen;
Long may the good work continue which he
Instituted in year of eighteen fifty three;
Pioneer journal of all news dramatic;
Pursuing the straightforward course, not erratic;
Equity guides you and ever you're true,
Reliable, loyal to old friends and new.

“I'M WORSE THAN THOSE WHO TALK ‘ABOUT ME.’”

The words were spoken, neighbor, by a friend some
years ago—
'Twas his reply to vicious thrusts of a base and slan-
d'rous foe—
A brainy man; he'd weigh a thought, then fearlessly
express it;

Forty-Five Selections

His meaning he'd make understood and no one had
to guess it—

He'd criticise impartially, tho', whether pro or con,
But of course some whom the coat would fit de-
clined to put it on

And skulked away like cowards and with slander
tried to rout him—

He smiled and said that he was worse than those
who talked about him.

He scorned a pious hypocrite; he did not preach and
pray,

But he did his "alms in secret," in God's own ap-
pointed way—

He loved the Great Creator and His wrath he did
not fear;

He loved and studied His great worlds seen from
this earthly sphere;

He'd forgotten more than ever his calumniators
knew

And that was why their envy they could not, would
not subdue;

But "barking dogs don't bite," and when the curs
they tried to rout him

He laughed and said guess'd he was worse than
those who talked about him.

You've noticed, neighbor, a serpent when it happens
your path to pass,

Will stop and show its forked tongue, then crawl off
'neath the grass;

Forty-Five Selections

When human snakes discover they can neither rule
nor use you,
They'll sneak away and with pois'nous tongue and
calumny abuse you—
They've souls so small they'd rattle in the quill of a
humming-bird;
So small they'll not awaken when the judgment
trump is heard,
Or, if they do, the slanderers will have no chance
to doubt him
When St. Peter tells them he's no room for those
who'll talk about him!

Why don't folks mind their business? Well, good
neighbor, you will find
That they've not only got no business, but such
folks have got no mind—
“Old Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands
to do;”
I tell you, neighbor, that old saying's one that's
mighty true—
Scandal-mongers Satan keeps in mischief every
minute;
You'll find them on the outside of the church, and
sometimes in it;
The giant's envied by the dwarf, with sneers 'twill
scoff and scout him,
But the giant treats with silent scorn the imp that
talks about him.

'A husband or a wife is best known by the family, I
think;

Forty-five Selections

A soldier knows his comrade, from the same canteen they drink;
And yet until he's tried you can't tell what a man will do;
Temptation, sir—that crucial test—will prove him false or true!
The bank cashier absconds, you know, and takes the "widow's mite;"
The preacher "falls from grace" and with a siren takes his flight
And leaves his home and family to struggle on without him;
And the "saint" who's ne'er been tempted is the first to talk about him.

"Man's inhumanity to man is what makes countless thousands mourn;"
Oft the burden of the guilty by the innocent is borne;
Envy will no evil do while the envious thought's unheard,
But no man can—nor God himself—recall the careless word!
Faith and Hope and Charity, sir, the Christian's creed should be,
And Scripture says "the greatest of them all is charity"—
The man whose house is glass and yet throws stone 'round and about him,
Is the devil's special agent, hell would be bankrupt without him!

A MATRIMONIAL PROBLEM.

If a man whose age is 40 weds a maid whose age is
 10;
He'll be 4 times her age, as you'll observe, right
 there and then
And when 5 years united they have been, you'll
 find that he
Will then be but 3 times her age—to that you must
 agree—
And 15 years still later—just figure the problem
 out—
He's only twice her age, 'tis strange, but true be-
 yond a doubt;
If, as a mathematician, you have won renown and
 fame,
Their ages, if you will, please tell me when they'll
 be the same!

BOULD CORPORAL GUNN.

[To Comrade Henry P. Gunn.]

Did you ever hear, boys, o' bould Company L,
In the battles they miss'd how they fought an' they
 fell?

Forty-Five Selections

Shure in L 'twas "Ould Nick," was the captain o'
fun,
His leftenant was Corporal Henery Gunn.

In the regiment every comp'ny was tough,
But the toughest was L, 'twas "ready and rough."
For excitement an' noise they'd lave nothin' undone.
The ring-leader was rollickin' Corporal Gunn.

Five nine in his shtockins shtood Corporal "Hank;"
Moind ye he was no "high private in the rear rank;"
Responsibilities weighin' a ton
Laid on the broad shoulders o' Corporal Gunn.

D'ye moind the last raid o' "Pap" Price? Shure we
thin
Captured Marmaduke, Cabell and 5000 min—
The "Johnnies" surrendered to brave Pleasonton
For they were surrounded by Corporal Gunn.

One day he wint milkin' an' fill'd his canteen,
Whin chargin' with pitchfork the farmer was seen;
Hank left the cow shtandin' an' made a "Bull's
Run"—
'Twas a bully "home run" made by Corporal Gunn.

A "razor-back" pig with a sabre he slew,
An' what d'ye think, they charged him for two!
They shwore that himself shlautered two 'shtead o'
one.

Pig killed by a sabre—pig killed by a Gunn.

Forty-five Selections

He bought a fat sheep—not a cent could he pay,
So he wrote out an order on Company A;
But the farmer he shwore he'd not go there to dun,
Whin they tould him in L he'd find Corporal Gunn.

A “Son o’ Momus,” he was—shure fun was his diet—

“Son o’ Temperance, too”—of course he’ll deny it—
One of three sons of his grandmother’s son,
A son of his father, a son of a Gunn.

Whin Gunn wint off, all the rebels to kill,
His girl was near drown’d in the tears she did shpill;
Whin Gunn was discharged, thin the “shplicin” was done—

No, sor, not single now; double-barrel’d is Gunn.

His home’s call’d “the camp”; his young corporals play

Thot they’re fightin’ sham cavalry battles each day;
“Hank” calls them all “sojer boys”—daughter or son—

Calls their laughter an’ shouts the “report of a Gunn.”

The “cavalry sojers” sound daylight’s alarms!
An’ “the infant-ry,” murther! all night they’re “in arms,”

An’ “shtormin’ the breastworks”—I’ll bet tin to one

No bugle calls “taps” now for Corporal Gunn!

Forty-Five Selections

THE “FOOL PERIOD OF LIFE.”

Th’ “seven ages o’ man” ain’t now considered up to date;
Th’ Yankees add an age t’ make th’ number an even eight—
In William Shakespeare’s day, perhaps, ’twas not th’ general rule,
But most men now pass thro’ an age o’ life th’t’s call’d “the fool!”

So when y’ see a smart young man a lecturin’ his dad;
Er spendin’ time a chasin’ after some new-fangled fad;
Don’t wonder at the zigzag course th’ youngster may pursue,
It’s the “fool period” of his life th’t he’s a passin’ thro’.

Perhaps he “falls in love at sight” with ev’ry lass he meets;
Or, maybe, stands ‘n’ poses at th’ corners of th’ streets;
In debt fer clothes he’s standin’ in ‘n’ patent leather shoe—
Th’ “dern fool period” of his life is what he’s passin’ thro’.

Forty-Five Selections

Perhaps he's one o' the auto fiends, endangerin'
human lives;
Or possibly, he's loiterin' around saloons 'n' dives—
Some day he'll wish he'd listen'd when friends told
him th't they knew
'Twas the "fool period" of his life th't he was
passin' thro'.

Thinks, perhaps, he'll be a preacher; thinks he'd
then have easy times—
An actor, or a poet—nothin' easier than rhymes—
Constitutionally tired; thinks hard work he cannot
do,
But doesn't think it's the "fool period" of his life
he's passin' thro'.

He'll play a game o' football under th' rays of a
scorchin' sun;
'N' scratch 'n' bite 'n' kick 'n' fight 'n' call it sport
'n' fun;
Whoop like a wild Comanche 'n' look like a long-
haired Sioux—
Hooray! The "dern fool period" of his life he's
now a passin' thro'.

Young woman—sez he—why did you marry a man
who is so old?
You surely did not love him; I suppose you loved
his gold?
Sez she—Young man, he's better than gold; he's
noble, kind and true,
And he's out of the "fool period," which, it seems,
you're passin' thro'.

Forty-Five Selections

Love—like a colt—will balk when you you're wedded life commence,
Unless love has that good 'n' true old running mate call'd sense;
Remember that 'n' you'll have no "roast" or matrimonial stew,
'N' you'll find life's worth th' livin', too, while you're a passin' thro'.

"Experience, only, is th' teacher a fool will listen to"—

Of course, friend, that does not mean me; of course it doesn't mean you,
But of course it must mean some one, tho' no one, of course, knows who,
'N' that's why, of course, th' "dern fool period" men keep on a passin' thro'.

THE HONEYMOON.

[To Comrade Geo. Rice.]

Seated at the table which was spread with viands rare.

"Now, George," said she, "one dish would just complete the bill of fare!"

"One more," said George, "what could we have to make it still more nice?"

She laughingly replied: "How would you like a little Rice?"

AMERICA'S SHORE.

'Twas a morning in May
That my ship sail'd away
From the dear little isle of my birth;
How my head it did whirl
As my rosy-cheek'd girl
Sought to cheer me with song and with mirth;
Aye, and many a boy
Came to give me his joy,
Father bless'd me again, o'er and o'er;
Arrah, jewel—said he—
Kape your heart light and free
Whin away on America's shore!

And there was another—
Not sister, not brother—
I long held in fondest embrace;
More dear than all other,
My own loving mother,
Whose warm tears I felt on my face;
Darlin' boy—said she—
In strange lands ye'll be,
Erin's Isle ye may never see more;
So a little spot, free,
In your heart lave for me,
Far away on America's shore!

Forty-Five Selections

Years have come, years have gone;
Time is still rolling on
Bringing changes from day unto day;
My patriot father,
My dear saint'd mother,
Are spirits in world's far away;
But the darlin' girl's mine,
Boys and girls there are nine,
And we hope to be bless'd with nine more!
We're as happy and snug
As a bug in a rug,
Hurrah for America's shore!

A CRAZY QUILT OF MODERN PLAYS.

(Year 1899).

"The Rogers Brothers in Central Park"
"Flashes" "The Bowery After Dark;"

"At the White Horse Tavern" "The Ameer"
"Caught in the Web" "A Texas Steer,"

"My Friend From India," "Kerry Gow,"
"Lost in London" "The Cuban Vow;"

"Night Before Christmas" "Railroad Jack"
"Side Tracked" "Sapho," "The Woman in Black;"

"At the Eleventh Hour" "Serenade"
"The Girl in Red," "A Dangerous Maid!"

Forty-Five Selections

“That Girl,” “Because She Loved Him So,”
“Taggs” “Faust,” “The Man From Mexico;”

“The Butterflies,” “The Moth and the Flame”
“At Gay Coney Island”—“Dangerous Game!”

“The Katzenjammer Kids,” “Next Door,”
“Caught in the Act” “The Commodore!”

“The Gladiator,” “Paul Kauvar,”
“Run on the Bank” “The Black Hussar;”

“Tempest Tossed” “The Maneuvers of Jane”
“Over the Fence” “Down in Maine;”

“Through the Breakers” “A Wise Guy”
“Drifted Apart” “The Colonel and I;”

“The Plunger” “Under the City Lamps”
“Kidnaped” “The Rivals”—“A Pair of Tramps;”

“A Southern Gentleman” “Struck Gas”
“Too Rich to Marry” “The Lancashire Lass;”

“Sis Hopkins” “The Maid of the Mill”
“On the Wabash” “Farm, on the Hill;”

“A Breezy Time”—“The Midnight Alarm”
“Sowing the Wind” “Down on the Farm!”

“On the Stroke of 12” “The Midnight Bell”
“Called Back” “My Sweetheart,” “Nugget Nell;”

Forty-Five Selections

“A Wife in Pawn” “Two Nights in Rome”—
“The Irish Pawn Brokers” “Under the Dome;”

“Her Majesty”—“Real Widow Brown”
“In the Palace of the King,” “Shanty Town;”

“A Lady of Quality”—“Nell Gwynn”—
“The Star Boarder” “At Red Cat Inn;”

“A Misfit Marriage”—“Old Arkansaw,”
“Becky Sharp,” “My Daughter-in-Law;”

“A Ride for Life!” “A Merry Chase!”
“A Fugitive” “Woman in the Case;”

“What Happened to Jones” “Runaway Wife?”
“A Rag Baby,” “A Wasted Life!”

“The Charity Ball,” “Woman and Wine,”
“The Devil’s Auction!” “The Devil’s Mine!”

[Grand Finale—Slow Fire and Red Music.]

“Santiago!” “Egypta!”
“Quo Vadis!” “Frou Frou!”
“All Aboard” “The White Squadron”—
“Ulysses,” “Shaun Rhue!”
“Across the Pacific”—
“The Golden Horse Shoe”—
“Uncle Sam in China!”
“Red, White and Blue!”

Forty-five Selections

“WAR IS HELL.”

Old “Uncle Billy” Sherman gave that sentence to
the world
As he watch'd the armies' awful clash when 'gainst
each other hurl'd;
Courageous as a lion—he'd a tender heart as well—
And with a look of pain he turn'd, exclaiming
“War is hell!”

War and hell—twin devils—and 'twas Satan caused
their birth;
He hatch'd the pair in Eden and he sent them o'er
the earth;
And now “their name is legion,” 'round imperial
thrones they dwell;
E'en domestic peace they turn to war—“sweet
home” to bitter hell!

Legislators hasten war in legislative halls;
With war-like speeches in their war-like legislative
brawls;
Ne'er had they “a taste of war,” of powder not a
smell—
War talk may be a heaven, but war fighting is a
hell!

Forty-Five Selections

War is nothing ghastly to the office-seeking cliques;
The parasites and leeches which infest our politics;
For gain and glory they would e'en their country's
honor sell—

Vultures care but little whether war is heaven or
hell!

A standing army—they proclaim—a navy we will
build!

Intimidate all Europe, or its blood will all be spill'd;
We'll "grab" the coaling stations if the natives will
not sell;

We must have coal to start the fires and enginery
of hell!

To China we'll send missionaries—we will "give 'em
Watts"—

The same to Patagonians and swarthy Hottentots;
Our doctrines they'll accept or we will sound their
funeral knell!

We'll give them our Christianity, or give them war
and hell!

Tho' men say they've no knowledge of a heaven or
of God;

Of "nothing sure but taxes," and a grave beneath
the sod;

While war has agitators planning death by shot
and shell,

No doubt exists that there is both a devil and a hell!

Forty-five Selections

War's tocsin-sound is music to the cold vain-glorious man

Who poses as the hero of the forces in the van;
And who would pomp and glory win no matter what befell,

E'en tho' he sent ten thousand men into "the jaws of hell!"

"Peace on earth, good will toward men"—our Lincoln did proclaim—

"Let us have peace," said General Grant, and Lee, too, said the same;

God frowns on all oppressors, but he smiles on men like Tell,

Who with an arrow would have sent a tyrant home to hell!

If you would know what war is, ask "the man behind the gun;"

Don't ask the man who fights behind the desk at Washington;

With patriotic war whoops he the enemy would quell;

Such patriotism's fuel for the fires of war and hell!

Let those who'd learn what war is, ask the men in blue and gray;

The men who march'd and fought and starved; ask and hear what men will say,

Who languish'd long as captives in a loathesome prison cell;

Like their old commander, Sherman, they will tell you "War is hell!"

Forty-Five Selections

Ask the stricken, struggling widow, by stern war
left here alone;
Ask the mother of the boy whose far-off grave is
marked "unknown;"
Ask the orphans of the father who in war's wild
carnage fell;
And the falling tear-drops, silently, will answer
"War is hell!"

HE KISSED HER ON THE BALCONY.

Quoth the Atlanta Journal:
"Ah, can I tell—alack!
He kissed her on the balcony,
I-saw-her-kiss-him-back!"

Did you expect to see her first
Give him a rousing smack,
'And kiss him on the balcony
Then see-him-kiss-her-back?

If kisses are a novelty
To you, come North and live
Where you'll be smothered with them—
If sweet ones you can give!

Let me give you a pointer, tho';
Don't come here from the South
And kiss her on the balcony
But kiss her on the mouth!

IZ MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

Iz marriage a failure? Meself ought to know!
I've tried it foive times, an' bedad I k'n show
That wid me 'twas a failure, a shwindle, a chate!
Foive toimes I got matched—not onct got a mate!

The foorst wan I married, she called me her
“honey,”
An' the nixt thing, av coorse, she call'd for me
money!
Iv'ry cint I gev, shure's me name it is Dan—
A failure? She skipped wid a handsomer man.

The nixt wan I married—I thought I'd be funny
So I gev her me heart, thinkin' she'd give me
money—
A failure was it? Wid shwindlin' intint
She bro't me to me sinses, but bro't not a cint!

The nixt wan I married, didn't marry at all
An' 'shtead of a roise meself took a fall!
At the weddin' the bride says: “Meself's not in-
clined
To be changin' me name,” so she chang'd her mind.

Nixt I married a fam'ly—me wife an' her mother,
Her father, nine sisters an' big lazy brother!

Forty-Five Selections

Shure me house was a roost for ould aunts and
young cousins.

But a failure it was whin their friends kem be
dozens!

Nixt I troid a “new woman”—latest improved,
“Up-to-date” she was, an’ in society moved—
‘Twas a failure, of coorse, for meself did oppose
Her ridin’ my cibycle, wearin’ my clothes!

I dramed I wint down below—saw Brigham Young,
Wid his sixty woives, an’ aich woife wid her
tongue!

“A failure,” sez he, as he danced in the oven,
“Marriage sint me to heav—” No, he didn’t say
heaven!

In Eden’s garden liv’d Adam, a prosperous man,
‘Till he married Miss Eve, thin the failures began!
Adam rais’d Abel; Abel rais’d grain;
Eve rais’d the apples; the divil “rais’d Cain!”

Green apples, poor Adam got—summer an’ fall—
Dried apples she fed him in winther; that’s all;
“It’s a failure!” sez Adam, “I bid yez good bye;
Can’t digest ye’r apples, an’ so I’ll jest die!”

So, ye see, marriage bro’t the “original sin;”
An’ since that toime marriage a failure has been—
Shure the truth I musht shpake, tho’ I mane t’ be
civil,

It’s a failure wid iv’ry wan, ’ceptin’ the divil!

Forty-Five Selections

Q—EEN OF Q—INCY.

She lived in Q—incy, near park “Riverview;”
He worked on the railroad—the C., B. and Q—
Plighted, betrothed, with love inQrable,
Billing and cooing, of course, exQsable;
Loving as Qbebs—no, Qbans, I mean;
She called him her Qpid, he called her Q—een;
And gossipers ventured the acQsation
The lovers were guilty of osQlation,
And kisses, they said, were “so conspicQous,”
[Gossipers got none, and so ’twas ridicQlous!]

Q—een was acute with aQmination,
Bookkeeper by birth—I mean ocQipation—
For a peanut vender—no, specQlator—
Nuts roasted, not hatched, in an inQbator;
Figures and books, of course, kept acQrate,
Q—een’s own figure, in fact, was immacQlate;
Qbiform—no, don’t exactly mean that—
But cirQlar, like aQcurbit, not flat;
Her hair? Well, it was a Qpreous hue,
And braided, or switched, like a Chinaman’s Q;
Fair was her Qticle, softer than silk,
QtQra she used in a Qpel of milk.

Forty-Five Selections

The peanut department's not calQlated
To show up vast fortunes acQmulated,
From a viewpoint merely peQnary
The stipend is more in the Qlinary;
But 'twas her Qpidity, plain to be seen,
That her vacQous head—no, heart, I mean—
Should only by Qpid be ocQ pied,
And the wedlock knot by the Qrate be tied;
So the kitchen Q—een evacQated—
The kitchen! where Qpid reQoperated
With an appetite simply herQlean,
At least, not dainty, and not epiQrean—
Nature, 'tis argued, abhors a vacQum,
Qpid made barbeQs his curricQulum;

Noisy in speech, and rather oracQlar—
No one could tell or guess the vernacQlar,
Not an expert eloQtionist, he,
Yet he'd speak with great perspiQity;
But in colloQtion, 'twas often stated,
His words were shot, or ejacQlated;
MusQlar frame, and rather merQrial;
Qbits like wedges, that is, shaped Qneal;
Cool as a Qcumber—foremost was he
In joQlar jibes and in quick repartee;
You'll think it is Qrious, yet it is true,
He was quite an expert with the billiard Q;
He'd use it with perfect gesticQlation,
And prove it by ocQlar demonstration;
Most miracQlous exeQtion had he—
Say! I'll stop, or I'll maQ execute me!

Forty-Five Selections

I'll just say—For the license Qpid soon went
And returned to Q—een with the docQment;
Married? Yes, but Q—een's now living aloof,
For he rented a Qpola up on a roof;
Such obsQrity Q—een objects to, of course—
Now she's proseQtting a suit for divorce!
She's not suited, she says, with her perseQtor,
'Twould suit her to have a more suitable suitor.

ADAM DAMM OF YUBA DAM.

Yuba Dam had abundance of water;
Adam Damm kept the mill by the hill,
With his wife, his son Jack and his daughter,
And the whole Damm family 'cept Bill.

A mill's often seen by a hillside—
As a sheep's oft seen by a lamb's side—
There's always a dam by a mill side,
Not always a mill by a dam side.

A storm, like a battering ram,
Swept over the top of that hill;
The cyclone tore down the mill dam
Then turned and tore up the Damm mill!

Damm wrote to his oldest son, Bill—
“None are worth less now, Bill, than I am,
For the dam's wrecked and not worth a mill,
And I don't think the mill's worth a dam.”

Forty-Five Selections

WHAT IS LOVE?

You will oft hear people ask
 “What is love? What is love?”
’Tis found to be no easy task
 To answer—“What is love?”
Tho’ quite ready with reply,
In the twinkling of an eye
You’re puzzled, and you can’t tell why—
 Then you ask, “What is love?”

I asked the miser millionaire—
 “What is love? What is love?”
If to me he would declare
 What constituted love?
“The pleasure I derive,” said he,
“In massing gold and property;
To take, but not to give—you see?
 Ah! That, sir, that is love!”

I asked the gay golf-playing girl,
 “What is love? What is love?”
In society’s swim and whirl
 Pray tell me, what is love?
“O! don’t you know? It’s perfect bliss!
To be engaged—and—well, it’s this:
To promenade, and talk, and kiss,
 And—that’s all; that is love!”

Forty-Five Selections

I asked the up-to-date young man,
 “What is love? What is love?”
“Tell you? Well, you bet I can,
 This is real true love;
To call upon my girl so sweet,
And in the door her dad to meet
And then to be kicked in the street,
 Say! I know what is love!”

“Affection for whate’er is pleasing,”
 Webster says, is love;
Billing, cooing, kissing, squeezing,
 That’s what some call love;
And so they think and so they say,
And I, no doubt, know less than they;
Yet I will tell you, if I may,
 What I consider love.

The trust which Pythias gave his friend;
 That is love! That is love!
You’ll see real love o’er cradle bend—
 A mother’s perfect love!
The wife, who, for her children’s sake—
Tho’ heart will ache and health may break—
Clings to a worthless, soulless rake!
 That, I believe, is love.

Love thy father; love thy mother;
Love thy good name more than pelf—
Love thy sister; love thy brother;
“Love thy neighbor as thy self.”

Forty-five Selections

MY MOTHER WAS MY SWEETHEART.

You tell me you've a sweetheart, Tom, and ask if
I've the same;
The sweetest girl in all the world, you say, will take
your name;
You praise her many virtues; she is sweet sixteen,
you say;
Her eyes are bright, her teeth are white, cheeks like
the rose in May.

Well, I once had a sweetheart, Tom, the dearest one
on earth;
And I was her true lover from the hour of my
birth;
We'd always been together; we had never been
apart—
Dear Tom, I have no sweetheart now; I have a
broken heart!

Instead of sweet sixteen, she'd be just sixty-one,
to-day;
There were no roses on her cheeks, her hair was
silv'ry gray;
Old age had dimmed her eye, but it had filled her
heart with love—
My mother was my sweetheart, Tom; she's now in
worlds above.

JOHN PITT'S TACK.

(To Capt. John Pitt Stack.)

Say, pard, that John Pitt's a great lad.
He's chock full o' mischief, is "Jack,"
 Playin' tricks on his dad
 Till he gets him that mad—
D'y'e 'member that trick o' the tack?

The ole man couldn't set in a chair
Fer a week—couldn't lay on his back!
 At his meals he'd stand there
 At the table and swear—
Throwin' cuss words at John and that tack.

He wer' holdin' a tack 'gainst the wall,
An' he hammer'd his thumb such a whack
 That he dropped tack an' all
 An' fer John he did bawl,
An' he tole him to hunt fer the tack.

Well, they look'd fer that tack high an' low,
Finally John foun' it hid in a crack,
 But he didn't say so,
 An' say, pard, d'y'e know,
On a chair that young imp put ther tack!

Forty-Five Selections

Well, the ole man he look'd ev'rywhere,
An' he cussed till ther air it was black,
 An' at last in despair
 Set down slam in ther chair—
Eh? Yes, he foun' John Pitt's tack!

DRAMATIC PICTURES.

ACT I.

He listens to merry companions;
He yields to temptation and soon
The "good fellow" makes his appearance
Before the bar of the saloon.

ACT II.

And step by step he is led downward
To scenes of riotous sport,
Till at last he's a drunkard, appearing
Before the bar of the court.

ACT III.

Ah, his was most promising talent;
To heights of fame he might have risen—
Third act—he's a culprit appearing
Before the bars of the prison.

ACT IV.

Last picture—the play is now ended
And the player is laid 'neath the sod;
Slow curtain—he is now appearing
Before the bar of his God!

THE OLD BRASS CANNON.

Tho' it speaks but one word,
How the heart-beats are stirr'd
When by that word silence is broken ;
By old comrades 'tis heard
Like a note of song-bird,
When by the old cannon 'tis spoken.

From its belching brass throat
Thunders forth but one note,
And our flag to the breeze is unfurl'd ;
To flaunt, flutter, and float,
Gleam, glimmer, and gloat
O'er the gun sounding peace to the world.

When "Old Sol" puts to flight
The drear darkness of night,
The old cannon salutes the first ray
Of the sun's morning light—
Hails with seeming delight
The old flag, the "old vet," the new day.

The flag ceases to wave ;
The gun speaks bold and brave
At sunset : A day nearer the sod
Is the life which He gave,
A day nearer the grave,
Old soldier—a day nearer God !

FISH WENT A NIGGERIN'.

It am de truf ahm tellin, sah—’twuz down in ole
Kaintuck—
Him’s name wuz Eph’m Buckley, folkses call’d ’m
Uncle Buck;
Him bery ’ligious nigger, read er Bible eb’ry day,
'N Sund'y preach de Gospil till de niggers shout 'n
pray;
Him sed him swaller'd eb'ry Bible story cep'n one,
When Jonah sed he swaller'd whale he sed dat jes'
in fun—
Ole Uncle Buck fo't him wuz sho' 'nuf fishe'man
heself,
But dat fish story Jonah tell'd laid his'n on er shelf!
Wun day him don' gone fishin' when it sho' wuz
pow'ful hot,
Him fell t' sleep er waitin' fo' de "bite" him didn't
got;
'N would yo' blieve, a catfish dat weigh'd more'n er
hunderd pound
Jes' grab dat hook n' pull 'm in 'n Uncle Buck wuz
drown'd!
Ef Jonah didn't swallow whale he didn' hab de
luck
Dat dat Mis'sippi catfish had, he swallowed Uncle
Buck!

Forty-Five Selections

'N folkses cain't tolle whether, sah, wiv all deir furse
'n figurin',
Dat nigger went er fishin' or dat fish it went er
niggerin'!

TWO SIDES TO A STORY.

There were three of them talking quite loud;
"Will ye's listen to me?" said the Colonel—
 "What I say, d'ye mind,
 Is the truth, for ye'll find
 'Twas so shtated in yesterday's Journal."

"I tell ye 'tis false as ould Nick!"—
Thus spoke the bold Sergeant McFigg—
 "Jist lave me relate
 That the shstory compleate
 This mornin' was tould in the Whig."

"Arrah, g'on out o' that wid yer lies!"
Was then shouted by Captain Fitzgerald;
 "I know I am right
 For 'twas only last night
 I was readin' the same in The Herald."

"Two sides to a story"—said I
To the Captain, the Sergeant and Colonel—
 "And there's nothing so blind
 As a prejudiced mind;
 Read The Herald, the Whig and the Journal."

THE DRUMMER BOY.

Assembly call—the volunteers keep step to tap of
drum;
With its rat—tat—rat tat tum;
Fathers, mothers, sweethearts, wives and neighbors
all have come;
There are sobs and tears
There are shouts and cheers,
And there's playing on the drum.

Assembly call—“Fall in!” ‘Tis now the long roll
of the drum;
From a far-off battlefield is heard the cannon's roar
and hum;
The tents are “struck,” the camp is “broke,” each
comrade and his chum
Are side by side
And forward stride
To the “quickstep” of the drum.

At head of column, the drummer boy now proudly
beats the drum;
He is in the van while marching with a step both
firm and plumb;
Defiant look and flashing eye—not sullen, he's not
glum—

Forty-five Selections

A thousand men
Are following then
And he leads them with his drum.

At last they reach the conflict, and the rattle of the
drum
Is mingled with the cannon's roar and burst of
shrieking bomb!
The musket balls, like swarming bees, are singing
zip and zum!
“Forward—steady!”
No one more ready
Than the boy who beats the drum.

The “double-quick;” the cheer, the charge; and the
clatter of the drum!
The sense of fear by the awful shock is rendered
dull and numb;
Ere to the foe he'll yield—brave boy—he'll e'en to
death succumb;
Moaning, sighing,
Groaning, dying,
And silent is the drum.

A comrade lifts him tenderly; head resting on his
drum;
Water? Yes, lad; drink this; thank God, my can-
teen yet has some—
Too late; he's dead; and his innocent life they must
add to the struggle's sum!—
There, in one grave
They laid the brave
Young drummer and his drum.

THE TWO EXTREMES.

I.

As graceful as the fairy's form seen in a pleasant dream;
Her breath is like the perfume of the flower;
Her eyes speak joy and gladness, like the smiling, heavenly beam
 Of sunlight seen at morning's twilight hour!
Peaceful is her soul and mind and guileless is her heart;
Like the nectarine her lip with honey's laden—
'Twould be my weal to win her, ah! 'twould be my woe to part
 With this loving, sweet, but teasing little maiden.

2.

She's hideous as a nightmare or a fearful, frightful dream!
She's soulless as the artificial flower!
Her tongue—"hung in the middle"—labors like a "walking beam,"
 Or an engine running sixty miles an hour!
She retails all the gossip—she's "learned it all by heart"—
 Her mind with all the latest scandal's laden—
O, no! she's not the devil, she is but his counterpart:
 His mischief-making, meddlesome old maiden!

DE BLACK MAN'S BIRD'N.

[A parody on "Take up the White Man's Burden."]

Yes, sah! took up de white man's "bird"
'N be shu' y' ain't took up y'se'f!
'N I done tole 'n' gib y' mah word,
Ef yo doan took yo gwine t' git lef'.

De good Lawd He helps dem folks
Dat done helps demselves heah below,
'N ef de "bird" doan come when y' coax,
Den took up de "bird" 'n' git 'n go!

When de "bird" 'n' de "chick" roost high,
'Stead o' up y' jist got t' took 'm down;
De "turk" he git 's high 's he kin fly,
'N' den he keeps 'n eye lookin' roun'.

I heerd dat our ole Uncle Sam
Hab took up de whole 'Cific ocean;
He say "cann'd beef ain't wuth a—ham!"
'N' he'll took up all dat jes' suits his notion.

Long 'go he took de bird, 'n' he took up
De flag, de "Glory ob de free."
De eagle am de bird, 'n' ef yo look up
De stars 'n' de stripes you all'll see!

Forty-five Selections

“Bird ‘n’ er han’s wuth two ‘n’ er bush.”
So Ise gwine ter took de bird ‘n’ took ’im quick!
Ise gwine ter git er move on ‘n’ git in “de push,”
‘N’ lead er trump cyard, took de bird ‘n’ took de
trick.

BLENDING THE BLUE AND GRAY.

’Tis the peaceful hour of evening
At the setting of the sun;
’Tis the silent night approaching
At the closing of the day—
Who can trace the twilight’s blending,
Where ’tis ended where begun?
Wondrous! grandest work of nature,
Mingling of the blue and gray.

And my thoughts turn from this picture
To the “Military Home,”
Where the hoary heads of vet’rans
Whiter grow from day to day;
Clothed in God’s own chosen colors,
The two bright tints of heaven’s dome!
’Tis the twilight of life’s sunset—
Mingling of the blue and gray.

From this scene my rev’rie wanders
Back to eighteen sixty-one—
North and South divided, struggling
In war’s fierce and grim array!

Forty-Five Selections

Brother 'gainst a brother battling,
Father fighting 'gainst a son;
Civil strife, prolonged, terrific!
Northern Blue 'gainst Southern Gray.

Evening on the field of battle,
Strewn with dying and with dead,
Night its mantle spreads while blushing
O'er the carnage of the day!
Roar and clash of conflict ended,
Sighs and moans and groans instead—
Death, at twilight, re-united
“Yank” and “Reb,” and blue and gray.

“Time works wonders”—true old adage—
Truer still that “Time tries all!”
Time erased all bitter hatred;
Time swept sectional strife away.
Northern, Southern, white-haired soldiers.
After “Taps,” at Death’s roll call,
May God’s reveille blend and mingle
Fed’ral blue, Confed’rate gray.

DOT GOOD OLT PUMP.

Go sing some vere else boud “dot olt oaken booket,”
Dond shpeak boud “der dipper dot hangs by der
sink;”
Ven my troat vas got dry how I used to yust dook it
Out py dot olt pump und vould vet it mit drink.

Forty-Five Selections

Oxcursions und bicnics last summer vas plenty;
Dey pring deir loonch paskets full oop, und I
dink

Den dimes oud oph nine, 'bout nineteen oud oph
dwenty

Got thirsdition gwenched py dot pump mit a
drink.

Und some oph der girls vas drink sex dimes or
sefen;

Prosperations oud oph deir false curls dook der
kink;

Yah, some coom so much dimes as eight or elefen;
Der more dey prospire, vell, der more dey would
drink.

Vot peautiful vomans vas coom py dot pump,
Und dey shmile a big shmile und der oder eye
vink;

I feel mine heart thump mine righd side mit a bump
Ven dose lofely girls py dot olt pump took a
drink.

So hellup me gracious, dot hantle dey hustle,
I wonder der pump dont vas dry oop und shrink!
Der mens und der vomens dewelop deir muscle
Mit crowdin' und shqueezin' und pumpin' und
drink.

Dot pump nefer gif der men's breath a loud shmell;
Yet ven dey hear bottles und glasses go "clink!"

Forty-five Selections

Some men's pass der pump und go on down to—
vell,

Dose blaces vot dond keep some vater to drink.

A man lose his senses, his money, his health,
Oph he gwench all his thirst dere at olt “ruin’s
brink;”

Bud Nature vould lead him to long life und wealth
Oph he shtick to der pump und took Nature’s own
drink.

NO HARM IN A GLASS OF WHISKY.

No harm in a glass of whisky?
Quite right; your assertion is true;
And a man would be blind—
Lack a well-balanced mind—
If he failed to agree with you.

No harm in a glass of whisky?
None at all; but alack and alas!
How often we see—
As you will agree—
That there's harm in the empty glass!

No harm in a glass of whisky?
No; and don't let it pass
From the glass to your lip;
In the whisky you sip
There is harm, not that in the glass.

“THE SWORD OF THE KING.”

Please, papa, do tell
Why brave Warren fell?
Why armies of men fight and kill?
Why precious as gold
Is the sword that you hold;
Is’t the sword of Bunker Hill?

My boy, 'twas the right
'Gainst the power and might
Of oppression and tyranny's fling!
'Twas the sword, my son,
Drawn by Washington
Against the sword of the King!

HIS BIBLE AND HIS PIPE.

“I want to be an angel and with the angels stand”—
Pipe and tobacco in my mouth—“a harp within my
hand.”
The picture may not so strike you; but, sir, to me
it seems
That properly it might be called the “meeting of
extremes.”

Forty-Five Selections

Tho' I'm of the opinion that 'tis equally absurd
To sit and suck a filthy pipe while pondering o'er
"God's word!"
"The sublime is but a step from the ridiculous?"
that's true;
A Bible and a pipe makes that quotation plain to
you.
A Christian man, you say, does what Christ taught
mankind to do;
Well, did He use tobacco? Did He either smoke
or chew?
Cleanliness, you know, is next to Godliness, 'tis said;
A filthy pipe, then, must be next to devilishness, in-
stead.
The smoker of a pipe will give your nerves their
greatest shock,
While talking to you with a breath so foul 'twould
stop a clock!
When he has smoked himself to death and starts for
"t'other shore."
Will he take that pipe to Heaven? Smoke it there
forever more?
Or, will he leave the pipe on earth and go—with
rapid pace—
Eternally to smoke with smokers in that other
place?
When—at th' gate—he's questioned, will his record
look all right
If he then fills the foul old pipe and asks St. Peter
for a light?
Will he smoke when he's an angel, and scratch
matches on his wings,

Forty-Five Selections

While playing on a golden harp that has a thousand
strings?
If Heaven's fumigated with an old pipe's smoke and
smell,
Give me the sulphur, brimstone, and the smokeless
fumes of hell!

MY BONNIE LASS.

Silken tresses soft and light;
Eyes like twin stars twinkling bright;
Teeth like pearls, so pure and white;
 My Bonnie Lass;
Brow as fair as falling snow;
Lips as red as cherries grow;
The sweetest, dearest maid I know
 Is Bonnie Lass;
Hear the voice with laughter ring—
 Of Bonnie Lass;
Merry as a bird in spring
 Is Bonnie Lass;
Patient, gentle, loving, true—
Aye, and independent, too—
All my trust I give to you
 My bonnie lass.

I have roam'd thro' many climes;
Many maidens many times
Hearken'd to my tuneful rhymes
 My bonnie lass;

Forty-five Selections

Southern type of beauty rare;
Daughters of the North so fair—
Ah! None could my heart ensnare
 'Cept Bonnie Lass.'
“Souls with but a single thought,”
 Sweet Bonnie Lass;
“Hearts that beat as one” is sought
 By Bonnie Lass—
Heavenly angels be thy guide,
Morn, and noon and eventide;
Happiness with thee abide
 My bonnie lass.

THE PLANET MARS.

Sail on, Old Neptune, thro’ infinite space;
Sail on, like a ship mann’d by gallant jacktars;
Sail on, and still on, strive not to keep pace
 With retrograde tactics of man-o’-war Mars.

Roll on, old Jupiter—satellites four—
A retinue grander than king’s or a czar’s;
Roll on, great “Jove,” let your thunderbolts roar!
 The voice of God speaking to Earth and to Mars.

A ride patriotic was brave Paul Revere’s;
A chivalrous dash was the young Lochinvar’s;
But the zodiac’s course has been—millions of years,
 The arena of conquests by warrior Mars.

Forty-Five Selections

With lightning speed wing-footed Mercury flies,
 Encircling "Old Sol," and his sunspots and scars;
While Venus—most beautiful gem of the skies—
 The goddess of love salutes god-of-war Mars.

Astronomy! Wonderful, glorious theme!
 The heavenly gateway—the pathway of stars;
That man truly finds the great Being Supreme
 Who seeks Him thro' knowledge of Earth and
 of Mars.

Let the skeptical man look at Saturn's bright rings;
 The phases of Venus; "Jove's" belts and broad
 bars—
Astronomy! God's choicest blessing it brings—
 Revealing to Earth e'en the secrets of Mars.

MIXIN' THE MICKS.

[Humorously inscribed to Miss Alice B. James.]

The ingagement wos foorst, sor, delayed by hersilf;
 An' himsilf now delays annexation;
Hersilf an' her brother Jim, sor, does be twins,
 An' their names, 'tis, thot gives him vexation!
 Should James be Alice
 He'd thin feel no malice—
Tho' th' twins had been mixed wid their names—
 But th' weddin' day fixed,
 Faith himsilf would be mix'd
Intirely, should Alice B. James!

“REMEMBER THE MAINE.”

“Remember the Maine!” How the watchword re-sounds

From mountain, from valley and plain;
And 'twill ring and re-echo till victory crowns
The avengers; “Remember the Maine.”

Two hundred and sixty-six martyrs met death
Thro' coward-like treachery of Spain;
And the men of our navy will yield their last breath
In avenging the fate of the Maine.

The mothers whose hearts are now stricken with
grief;

The sisters whose brothers were slain,
And the wives whose anguish will know no relief,
All cry out, “Remember the Maine!”

Shall we stifle that cry? Shall we turn a deaf ear?
Shall it plead to our honor in vain?

A hundred and twenty-five thousand appear
And respond, “No! Remember the Maine!”

While a cherish'd memory of father and mother
Our soldiers and sailors retain;

While a brother remembers a faithful brother
“Our boys” will remember the Maine.

Forty-Five Selections

The initial blow, struck by the flagship "New York,"
Showered shell on Matanzas like rain;
And in history naught will be sought or be wanted
To prove he remembered the Maine.

Commodore Dewey, with courage undaunted,
Dealt death and destruction to Spain;
With that parting shot, "One for the Maine!"
And the monitor "Puritan" finished the work

Our loyal and royal "jack tars" at Manila,
Like heroes faced death with disdain;
To "the bottom" they then sent the Spanish flotilla
And shouted, "Remember the Maine!"

White-haired old soldiers, in blue and in gray,
Feel their blood coursing every vein;
If roll-call now sounds for the old vet'rans they
Will answer—Remember the Maine!

MY TOAST—FRIENDSHIP.

Real friendship is man's greatest blessing, indeed;
'Tis a curse when betray'd by cold avarice and
greed!

Of a true friend I'll think, I'll speak, and I'll boast;
Of a false one I'll—well, I'll give him my toast—
Here's champagne

To my real friends,
And real pain
To my sham friends!

Forty-Five Selections

Men are not what they seem at all times, 'tis true;
That, of course, does not mean either me or you!
A friendship that's true should be valued the most—
To friends that are false should be tender'd this
toast—

If your friend you would keep, don't beg, and don't
borrow;
And lend him to-day if you'd lose him to-morrow;
Materialized, friendship is oft but a ghost,
Not even as sound as the sense of my toast—

The friendship of Damon—O, glorious name!
Friendship of Pythias, eternal its fame!
Their praises are sung by God's heavenly host!
Remember their friendship, remember my toast—

Do unto others as you'd have others do,
Till you find others doing their best to "do" you;
Then do as I do—give such friends a clear coast;
First give them a blessing, then give them this
toast—

The man who'll buy friendship—the man who will
sell—

Will occupy quarters in hottest of hell!
There Satan will give them his devilish roast,
While imps chant in chorus the words of my toast—
Here's champagne
To my real friends,
And real pain
To my sham friends!

MAUD AND HER NANNY GOAT.

While milking the nanny Maud loudly did scream,
“You brute! You’re too utterly utter!
Wish you and your old milk would both turn to
cream!”
And the goat turn’d, *but* turned to *butt* her.

Maud turned—not to *butt*, *but* to “git”; to “make a
sneak”:
But the *butter butt* in to make trouble;
Maud was *butted*—struck dumb—poor Maud
couldn’t speak
But could “see stars,” not single *but* double!

“Her name it was Maud,” *but* she then looked like
mad!
But again nanny “backed up” to *butt* her;
“Now be good,” cried Maud; *but* the goat, O, so
bad!
Butted Maud into mud in the gutter!

But Maud threw the milk-stool, and milk-bucket,
too;
Broke the *butting* goat’s jaw when she struck it!
Kicked it—not with a 4, *but* her No. 8 shoe—
Then the goat kicked, *but* “kicked the bucket!”

Forty-Five Selections

IONE, DOT LEEDLE TEASE.

Ione vas dree
Years oldt, und she
Vos shmart mit A, B, Cs;
She shpeak dem all,
Der big und shmall—
Ione, mine leedle tease!

Der first day she
Shpeak A, B, C;
Der next, D, E, F, G;
Der third she say
H, I, J, K;
Next, L, M, N, O, P.

Der fifth, shpeak she
Q, R, S, T;
Den on der sixth U, V;
Und in vun veek
Dem all she shpeak,
From A, vay down to Z.

She's like dose fleas
Und busy bees;
She dance und laugh und tease;
Mine nose she squeeze,
Und makes me shneeze—
Ach! Shoots me midt some peas!

Forty-Five Selections

She climbs der trees,
She shteaſ mine keys
Und ef'ryting she sees;
Her fadder he's
Got not mooch ease
Mit dot big leedle tease!

But ven dot tease
Sits on mine knees,
Den I forgot all dese;
Ven efening breeze
Plays mit der trees
I play mit "Leedle Tease!"

Ve kiss, ve shqueeze—
Yah, bless her! She's
Der best on land or seas!
Took beer, took cheese,
Took all! but please
Leaf me mine "Leedle Tease!"

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